

MORE HASTE, WORSE SPEED.



ONCE little Tom Touter

Had such a fine pouter—

Determined to ride him was he.

One very fine day

He mounted, they say—

And away flew the bird to the sea.

But poor Tommy Touter

Was sick of the pouter,

As he thought of his toast and his tea.

At last he came back,


When Tommy, good lack!

Was as thankful as thankful could be.






IDLE HANDS MAKE SAD HEARTS.

OU little bee,
Come play with me,
The sunshine's warm and clear;
You need not fear
The cold severe,
The winter is not near.

My little maid,
I can't be stayed,
I must not lose to-day.
For time, you see,
Won't wait for me,
But sweeps the flowers away.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.


OUNG Mousy Mouse
Has made a house
 Out of the farmer's cheese,
And eats away
With friends each day,
 As jolly as you please.

But Mousy Mouse
Don't see her house
 Soon swallowed up must be.
And with that house
Goes that poor mouse,
 As sure as sure can be.





EARLY TO BED, AND EARLY TO RISE.

OU naughty bird, I want to know
Why you so early rise ;
And wake me, when you know that I
Have hardly closed my eyes ?”

“Why, really, dear,” said Cocky Crow,
“I hear you with surprise ;
You go to bed with other lambs,
And quickly shut your eyes.

“So when I sound my morning call,
Be quick, my pet, and rise ;
For that’s the way to healthy be,
And wealthy, love, and wise.”
